

Taking Chances

by myria-chan

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Summary: In which lessons of propriety, decency, and modesty are not Souji's strong points.

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****Author:** myria-chan**

****Fandom:** Hakuouki Shinsengumi Kitan**

****Pairing:** slight Hijikata Toshizou x Okita Souji**

****Disclaimer:** I do not own the characters, nor their historical counterparts. ^_^;**

****Summary:** In which lessons of propriety, decency, and modesty are not Souji's strong points.**

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><p>"What were you thinking, kissing that water maid in the courtyard in front of your platoon?!"<p>

Hijikata was passed the point of anger, passed the point of caring. He was in absolute rage mode, and there was no stopping the Demon Vice-Captain from venting.

The culprit: Okita Souji, whose ability to smile through Hijikata's flaring mayhem and hissy fit was quite commendable, if not legendary. Of course, there were no others in the Shisengumi headquarters who would follow such examples.

The issue began when Kondo-san politely commented on the way a certain water maid of their headquarters was behaving around the

young prodigy. The maid " who shall not be named for she wasn't even worth naming " would blush and smile serenely as the 1st Division Squadron passed by the front yard, would sang praises for the young commander of the squadron, and would tell the cook how lucky Okita Souji's future wife would be to have such a wonderful person for a husband.

"Does it bother you, Kondo-san," Souji asked.

"Not at all." Kondo's lips lifted at the corners, his eyes glimmering mix emotions of pride, happiness and tender longing. He patted Souji's head suddenly. "It's nice to be so young and admired, is it not? When I was your age, I had shared my first kiss with a besotted miss from the countryside."

"A kiss?" Souji was pensive for a moment. "Would that make you happy, Kondo-san?"

Kondo's smile turn to the full-grown grin. "Of course! Nothing would make me happier than to know that you are taking little steps through the road of love."

"I see!"

The conversation led to an eventful kissing scene between one Okita Souji and the unnamed water maid. What he started thoroughly, he ended casually, bidding the young maid a good day before going out to his way to report today's patrol. And his squadron was there to see all the details.

Details that reached the ears of one fuming Vice Captain.

Souji could never understand it all. It was just a kiss. Sano-san and Shinpachi-san had done more collateral damage to other woman, and he had given not but a stern look or a disapproving shake of the head. When he brought up the issue of honourable sacrifice, Hijikata looked like he was about to throttle him, or pound lessons of propriety and modesty into his head all night " whatever that means.

By the third subject of his speech, Hijikata's voice and manner of phrasing was starting to slow down (thank God). Souji could not have been any happier when he heard the words, "And what do you have to say for yourself?"

There was a lot running through his mind, though Souji doubt such words would ever penetrate through Hijikata's reasoning, or would even be considered reasonable and appropriate by their Vice Captain. So he simply hid his thoughts behind a smile and said, "I finally figured it out."

"Figured what out?" A strong sense of irritation laced through Hijikata's question.

"Why you are so tensed, Hijikata-san. You need to get laid."

There was a booming silence that was greatly needed at that point.

Hijikata managed to compose himself. "I beg your pardon?"

"It's what separates you from Shinpachi-san," Souji had the guts to continue. "Look at Shinpachi-san. He's all bright, happy and full of great energy. It's because he allows himself to indulge in the pleasure of flesh and spirits. He glows because he is a man fulfilled and satiated with the wonders of life. That's probably part of the reason why Kondo-san was so happy. Since women find me desirable, and I have the urge to reciprocate, I would not end up like youâ€”conceited, uptight, and denying oneself of the cravings of comfort."

There was particularly one point in the statement that registered in Hijikata's mind. "You _dare_ compare _me_ with _Shinpachi_?"

Souji ignored the murderous intent directed to his way and ventured to nod. "I initially wanted to recommend alcohol, but knowing what a shabby excuse of a drinker you areâ€”| You knowâ€”|" His shoulder moved for a one-sided shrug. "There is more to life than writing haikus."

Hijikata felt a vein propped. "My hobbies, my drinking capacities, and my _personal_ activities are not any of your concern. Are you even old enough to be discussing this?"

Souji shrugged again. "Of course. Are you old enough to be discussing this?"

"I'm older than you."

Souji rolled his eyes heavenwards. "Of course."

Hijikata counted to ten, taking deep and long breaths. There was no speaking logic straight through this irrational and irresponsible cretin. If he were ten years younger, Hijikata would have spanked him. "Going back," he said, once he regained his composure. _Again_. "Your behaviour was inappropriate, and therefore, immediate disciplinary action is required. You are grounded inside the compound until you have learned your lesson. You will be relieved of your duties as a commander for the time being, and will be assigned to cleaning and cooking duties. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, sir," was his half-hearted reply. "Kondo-san liked it though," he said under his breath.

A sigh; then an exasperated question followed. "Do you not do anything for yourself?"

Wrong question.

"My goal in life is to make Kondo-san the happiest person in the country," Souji spoke of it plainly, without a trace of passion or emotion, but filled with convictionâ€”as if he was voicing the simple truthâ€”that his purpose of existence was directly tied to support their leader's dreams and aspirations.

For a while, he was that young boyâ€”abandoned and aloneâ€”with no one to hold onto but the warmth of Kondo Isami.

Something tugged inside Hijikata's soul; a tender longing to heal and not break, to comfort and not criticize. But before he could decipher what emotion moved him, the hallowed green eyes that captivated his

thoughts became blank mirrors of pure mischief.

"Now, now! There's no need to be jealous, Hijikata-san. If you want, I could kiss you."

"What?!"

"Come on! It'd be fun."

"Go to your room!"

"Are you sure?"

"Go to your room, damnit!"

Souji pouted. "Fine, fine. But you might not get another chance, Hijikata-san~!" His mischievous laugh echoed in the entire room, as his footsteps padded away through the hallway.

Kondo Isami, who was present throughout the entire discussion, finally spoke, "You didn't exactly answer Souji's question, Toshi! about the kiss." It was an honest question.

Hijikata Toshizou, Vice Commander of the Shinsengumi, the Demon himself, resembled a choking gerbil for a split second, before carrying it on like the oni-fukuchou he was. "We are not discussing this," he said with much finality. "Now back to politics."

* * *

><p>In the end, he never had the chance. In the fall of 1867, Okita Souji became seriously inflicted with tuberculosis.

At the throes of the battlefield, he often wondered what it would have felt like to kiss those ever smiling lips.

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><p>AN: **Well, that ended rather depressingly. I hope you had fun, minna-san. Thank you for reading. :) The three are very fun to write about, though the idea of romance in their timeline is significantly nonexistent, despite what efforts we have to do otherwise. At least for me, that is. Hope to hear from you~! Ta~!

End
file.